

THE MARBLE HILL PRESS

J. E. HILL, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL - MISSOURI

The stealing of a Vanderbilt could hardly be classified as an instance of kleptomania.

Could the attempt to rifle Quay's desk be construed into an effort to break into the cabinet?

A woman is beginning to get old when she has trouble in finding a spring hat that is becoming to her.

The Cuban patriots possess no iron-clad ships, but they possess an iron-clad resolution that will prove more effective.

As to the fire at Colon having "reduced it to a semicolon," will several aspiring correspondents please give us pause?

Bloomers of varied hues are now rapidly blooming, and it is believed the crop will be much more prolific than it was last season.

A dime museum in Chicago was thrown into consternation recently by a big blaze. The fire-eating man was the first to get out.

The fact that Spain intends to send 50,000 more soldiers to Cuba would indicate that the fever has so far been mightier than the sword.

The league for good roads should build more roads and fewer resolutions. Impassable roads require more than resolutions for their improvement.

The Fiji Islands gave \$25,000 to foreign missions last year. A few years ago roast missionary in courses was served at all Fiji Island banquets.

The unsavory Breckinridge will try to break into congress again. The people of the Lexington district ought to be able to spare the country such an infliction.

Ex-Governor Waite wants England "wiped from the map." There seems to be nothing to prevent Mr. Waite from purchasing a map and doing the deed himself.

One cannot understand the opposition to granting a further pension to the Duke of Cambridge when it is learned the English people give only a paltry \$70,000 a year at the present time.

It isn't hard to believe that there is a ghost in the Statue of Liberty in New York. Not a few thoughful citizens are sometimes inclined to believe that the ghost of Liberty is about all that we have of her.

The river and harbor bill as finally passed by the house of representatives carries \$10,330,500 of direct appropriations and authorizes contracts for new projects which will cost \$51,721,210 to complete. Thus the bill carries over \$62,000,000. Probably every congressman who voted for the bill considers that he has secured his re-election thereby.

Reynolds Guerin, a prominent young society gentleman of Columbus, Ohio, was to have married Miss Lucas, a St. Louis belle, last week. It is given out that the reason he didn't is because of a quiet inquiry he made touching the financial standing of Miss Lucas' family. The young lady evidently supposed up to this time that the young gentleman intended to marry solely for love. Young men should not be too inquisitive.

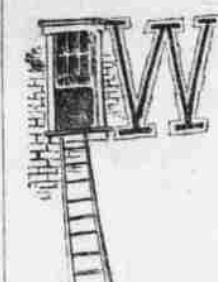
At last, after seventeen years, the secret service department has succeeded in capturing "Jim, the Penman," the expert counterfeiter who has had unparalleled success in counterfeiting United States notes of high value, doing the entire work with pens and brushes! He never used plates or mechanical means of any kind, although his work is described by Chief Hazen as the most dangerous counterfeits ever made in any country. The man is a marvelous genius and while the life of a plate counterfeiter is about two years, he has escaped detection for no less than seventeen.

A report from La Porte, Ind., says the statement is made there that a syndicate composed of New York and Cleveland capitalists is behind a project to build a system of interurban electric lines in northern Indiana, connecting various cities and towns. The design, it is said, is to start from Lake county, where the syndicate already own property, and establish a like network of such connection, extending around to touch South Bend, Valparaiso, Michigan City, La Porte, Elkhart, and half a dozen or more other places, and ultimately to relegate the railroad systems to the carrying of freight, while improved electric lines furnish the passenger service.

A MURDER MYSTERY.

A PECULIAR STORY OF SOMNAMBULISM AND DEATH.

And His Since Been Looking for the Murderer—A Most Remarkable Case Reported to a Washington Correspondent—An Awful Discovery.



WILLIAM E. CURTIS, the well-known Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record, is in receipt of a letter duly stamped, bearing the postmark of Eden, Ill., written on a typewriter and unsigned. Evidently the writer of the

letter knows the newspaper man, as the letter will show, but the newspaper man is absolutely at a loss to determine who the letter writer is. Neither is he sure that the letter was written by a person in Eden, Ill., inasmuch as it is easy to mail a letter at any point, however remote the writer may be from that point. It is as follows:

"My Dear Friend: You will no doubt be surprised to receive this letter, and you will no doubt wonder from whom it comes and why I should have written it to you, but there are reasons why I should write as I do, and I think the writing of it may be of assistance to me in extricating me from a painful dilemma. The facts in the case are as herein stated.

"About six months ago my office partner, a young man of unusual ability and character and associated with me as friend and partner for seven years, visited a town of considerable importance in an adjoining county on business for the firm. He remained there a week or ten days, attending to the matter so successfully that our profits in the



LAY MURDERED IN HIS BED.

transaction were in the neighborhood of \$5,000. He was stopping at the best hotel in the town, which at the time was full of guests, owing to an influx of visitors attending a fair or convention, or something of that kind, and on the third night of his stay a man was murdered in his bed in a room on the third floor, my partner occupying a room on the floor below.

"The murdered man had evidently been smothered to death or choked and apparently for the purpose of robbery, for nothing of value was found in the room. The door of the room was unlocked, but it was evident that the murderer had come in through a window opening onto a shed, from the roof of which a ladder reached to the ground at the rear, a distance of only a few feet, as the hotel was situated on sloping ground. The night was warm and the window was up, thus inviting the maurauder to his ugly work. Of course, there was great excitement in the hotel and in the entire town, and the police made the most diligent efforts to find some clew upon which to act, but their efforts were entirely futile, and beyond one or two suspicious circumstances and a detention of one or two suspects nothing could be done, and the affair is now merely waiting its own solution, unless by a strange fatality or whatever you may call it, I am in possession of the true facts in the case.

"Among the most active in the search for the murderer was my partner, that kind of work being in our line, my partner being one of the most skillful in such work that I have ever known, and I have known them all. Since the murder he has been devoting some of his spare time to unraveling the case, but entirely on the quiet, and recently he has been giving his nights to it. Ten days ago, when I retired on Monday night at 11, I left him poring over a diagram of the hotel floor, with all the points of importance marked in red ink. At 1 o'clock I was awakened by a noise in my partner's room, which adjoins mine, and called to him.

"Receiving no answer to several calls,



SOMETHING WAS AT MY THROAT.

I went in to see what was wrong and found him on his hands and knees in his bed, clutching the bolster under him and apparently choking the life out of it. It was so ludicrous that I fairly shouted, but he kept on at his work, and then it occurred to me that he was asleep. I soon found that he was, and after considerable shaking, I got him

awake. Then we both had a laugh over it, and I made him go to bed, after a lecture on nerves and the nervous system and the necessity of proper rest. Two nights later he was doing the same thing again, and after the third time I gave him a dose of bromide and sent him to bed before I retired.

"Three nights ago he went to bed before I did, and he was snoring peacefully when I turned in. It was well, too, for we had received two important commissions and we needed all the strength we had to carry them to a successful finish. At or about 2 o'clock I was awakened by a heavy weight, as I supposed, falling on me, and I thought I was dreaming, but in an instant I knew that somebody was at my throat and that I had some fighting to do or I would be a dead man. It was as dark as pitch in the room, and I had no idea who my assailant was, but I did know he had me at a great disadvantage, and the first thing I did was to twist my throat out of his clutches and yell for Tom, my partner.

"And how I did yell! once, twice, three times, and then suddenly the hands feeling for my throat relaxed, and right over me Tom's voice, stammering and half-awake, came with: 'Wh-wh-what do you want?' Is that you, Fred? What's the matter?' and then he laughed and began to swear at himself like a pirate, and went back to his own bed, and I heard him snoring within ten minutes. But there wasn't any more snoring for me. I was doing some tall thinking. And the conclusion of it was and still is that my partner is on the chase for himself in that hotel killing. I'm sure he killed that man in his sleep, and killed him because, as it happened, the doors of the other rooms were locked, and he simply wandered into the first room he could get into. I know it, but I cannot tell him my suspicions, and it would do no good if I did, for he doesn't know anything of it, and there I am. Now, what would you do? The law can't send him to the gallows, the penitentiary or the lunatic asylum, for he has committed no crime and I'll swear he isn't crazy. So what is to be done? Yours in grave doubt."

The writer is no expert in matters of this kind, but he would suggest that this peculiar somnambulist have a time-lock put on his bedroom door set to open at 9 a. m., when everybody in the house is up and able to defend himself.

LITTLE HEROINE.

saved Her Brother and Sister from a Horrible Death.

Mary, the 11-year-old daughter of Frank Moran, of Shamokin, Pa., the other night saved her brother and sister, aged eight and six, respectively, from being smothered to death. The children were sleeping in a room above the kitchen and their parents were calling upon neighbors. Mr. Moran's clothing, that had been hung near the range to dry, caught fire. The dense smoke made its way into the children's sleeping room and Mary was strangling when she awoke.

Finding that she could not arouse



MARY MORAN.

her brother Leo, and sister Margaret, the little girl opened the windows and dragged Leo down stairs and into the open air. She heroically re-entered the burning building and rescued her little sister. Neighbors then heard her cries and went to her assistance. The children did not recover consciousness for more than an hour afterwards.

Pawned the Dog.

In New York even dogs are pawned. In a place on Twenty-eight street a lonely pug separated from its fellows gazed wistfully at customers. "How much for that dog?" asked a stranger as he pointed toward the pug. "Can't sell him until Monday night," replied the bird and dog dealer. The man wanted to know why, and he was informed that the pug was in pawn, and if he wasn't redeemed prior to the time mentioned he would be sold. "That pug's been hocked three times and has always been redeemed. How much do I loan on him? A dollar's the limit, sir, as pugs are no longer popular, you know. When a woman puts her pet dog in pawn it is quite safe to conclude that the wolf has entered her apartment."

Day for Broken Legs.

A man broke his wooden leg on a Chicago sidewalk, and one of the horses attached to the ambulance called to take him to his home fell on the street and broke one of its sure enough-legs.

TROUBLE IN CHURCH.

ALL FEELING DISTURBS THE SERENITY OF JACKSON'S FLOCK.

And More Especially Because the Plaintiff Is a Maiden Lady of Fifty -- Case in Law Is Convulsing the People of Grand Rapids.



HE SUIT begun in the Circuit court at Grand Rapids, Mich., recently by Miss Hattie Mulhern against Rev. Dr. J. L. Jackson, for \$20,000 damages had its origin, it is said, in a difference of opinion upon doctrinal points.

Dr. Jackson is pastor of the Fountain Street Baptist church and has been for the last four years. He came from the east, is polished, eloquent and popular, and in his views takes advanced ground, holding that man cannot be saved by faith alone, but that faith shall be backed and substantiated by works. His church is the largest in the city, one of the most fashionable, and the wealthiest, and the litigation, while it has naught of the scandalous in its make-up, will not lack in interest, and will not fail to draw a crowd if it shall ever come to trial. It is generally believed that the plaintiff has a few cards up her sleeve which she will play at the trial.

Miss Mulhern, the complainant in the case, is a daughter of Rev. Dr. Dennis



REV. J. L. JACKSON.

Mulhern, one of the oldest clergymen of the Baptist faith in the state—a genial, gentle, kindly old man, on the superannuated list, somewhat reduced in finances, but rich in the esteem and friendship of a wide Baptist circle. Miss Mulhern is about 50 years old, probably on the shady side of the half-century mark. Her temper is not the sweetest, from all accounts, and it is said she is somewhat "set," in her ways and dogmatic in her opinions. She cannot be accused of having an undue allowance of personal charms and it cannot be said she is popular, but the kindly interest felt for her good father found employment for her to do the local missionary work for the Fountain Street church. She was first paid by subscription, prominent members of the church chipping in to make up the necessary amount, and while her work was missionary in its nature her position, some say self-named, was that of "assistant pastor." She was employed originally under Rev. Dr. Kerr B. Tupper and he bequeathed her to Dr. Jackson. The method of supporting her by subscription continued until two years ago and then the church trustees were induced to put her name in the budget and for a year her salary was paid by the church.

A year ago the trustees decided that her services could be dispensed with and she was dropped, and not until after the action had been taken did Dr. Jackson know of it.

The relations between the pastor and his assistant had not been harmonious from the beginning. Brought up under her father's pulpit, a disciple of the old school Baptist, Miss Mulhern was of the hard-shell variety, while Dr. Jackson with his modern ideas and liberality, might be described as a "soft shell." Miss Mulhern did not agree



MISS HATTIE MULHERN.

with Dr. Jackson's views on doctrinal points, his liberality was not according to her way of thinking, his advanced position was contrary to the traditions she had been brought up to consider. She remonstrated with him and argued and protested, then, as the story goes, lost her temper. She began "backcapping" the pastor among

the people and endeavored to injure him by insinuation and innuendo.

When she was dropped from the payroll she blamed Dr. Jackson for it, and a few weeks later, at a church meeting, arose in her seat and charged him with it, and thereby created a sensation. This was allowed to pass by, and a few months later she arose in prayer meeting, denounced the pastor's doctrinal teachings, and insinuated that he was not a man of truth and veracity. Dr. Jackson demanded an investigation and Roger W. Butterfield, one of the regents of the state university, A. Wolcott and J. H. Hawkins were appointed to examine Miss Mulhern's charges and listen to Dr. Jackson's defense. The committee called several times on Miss Mulhern, but each time she asked for a postponement, and the matter dragged along for several weeks.

Becoming weary at last of dancing attendance on the accuser, the committee reported the charges to be without foundation and recommended that Miss Mulhern be dropped from the membership roll of the church. The matter was submitted to the congregation at meeting called for the purpose and the recommendation was adopted without a dissenting voice. Miss Mulhern ceased to be a member of the church with a thud.

Now she has begun suit for \$20,000 damages. The suit has been begun by summons and the declaration has not yet been filed, and the exact charges she will make as the basis for her suit are yet unknown. Following the instructions of her attorney, she will not talk of her case and her attorneys are reticent. Mr. Butterfield, the chairman of the committee that recommended the action taken, is Dr. Jackson's attorney.

BABIES PERISH.

Locked in the House, Three Little Children Burn to Death.

N. Schultz, a farmer, and his wife, tenants on the land belonging to St. Stephen's Episcopal church, near Baltimore, locked their three little children in their frame house the other day and went to work in the fields of a neighboring farm. Two babes, aged 8 and 18 months respectively, were left asleep in a crib. The eldest child, 3 years of age, was toddling about the floor. The mother thoughtlessly left matches on a chair beside her bed. The little one evidently got hold of them and set fire to the bedding. The wife of Rev. William Mumford, rector of the church, saw the flames and sent her servants to the rescue. They burst in the door of the burning house. The crib was in flames and the two babes were literally roasted alive. At the risk of his own life a servant saved the 3-years-old child, but it is so badly burned that it cannot recover, having inhaled the flames. The mother and father are crazed over their terrible loss, and it is feared the woman cannot survive the shock.

Tried to Slay His Family.



Earl Pickard was brought to Napoleon, O., the other day, a raving maniac. He had been attending religious meetings for some time, from which he lost his reason. He believed that the Lord had commanded him to kill his wife and baby. While being prepared for the insane asylum he labored under the delusion that only his spirit was being taken, and that his body remained at home.

His Face Split Open.

John Post, a resident of Wirt county, W. Va., met with a peculiar and fatal accident the other day. He was chopping wood with a double-edged ax when the ax struck a wire clothes line, deflecting its course and causing the blade to strike him full in the middle of the face, splitting his chin, nose and forehead, injuries from which he cannot recover.

An Oklahoma Woman's Fight.

A prairie fire raged for three days near Hardesty, Beaver county, Okla., doing many thousands of dollars of damage to range, stock and buildings. The ranches of James England, John Hutchinson, William Houser, L. F. McManis and George Henderson were devastated. Mrs. Carter, who was alone at home, fought the fire for hours, saving her home and most of her husband's stock. She was found lying on the prairie unconscious by her husband on his return home.